

Liberty

● NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER ● PROUDHON

Vol. I.

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No. 7.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Ireland's disgrace: Cashel's Grace.
Ireland's lesson: Put not your trust in priests.
Ireland's Benedict Arnold: the infamous, traitorous, cowardly Croke.

Ireland's foremost man and real leader: Michael Davitt, the first of her sons at home to ask his countrymen to join with him in the abolition of that "immoral tax," rent.

Ireland's chief danger: the liability of her people—besotted with superstition; trampled on by tyranny; ground into the dust beneath the weight of two despotisms, one religious, the other political; victims, on the one hand, of as cruel a Church and, on the other, of as heartless a State as have ever blackened with ignorance or reddened with blood the records of civilized nations—to forget the wise advice of their cooler leaders, give full vent to the passions which their oppressors are aiming to foment, and rush headlong and blindly into riotous and sanguinary revolution.

Ireland's true government: the wonderful Land League, the nearest approach, on a large scale, to perfect Anarchistic organization that the world has yet seen. An immense number of local groups, scattered over large sections of two continents separated by three thousand miles of ocean; each group autonomous, each free; each composed of varying numbers of individuals of all ages, sexes, races, equally autonomous and free; each inspired by a common, central purpose; each supported entirely by voluntary contributions; each obeying its own judgment; each guided in the formation of its judgment and the choice of its conduct by the advice of a central council of picked men, having no power to enforce its orders except that inherent in the convincing logic of the reasons on which the orders are based; all coördinated and federated, with a minimum of machinery and without sacrifice of spontaneity, into a vast working unit, whose unparalleled power makes tyrants tremble and armies of no avail.

Ireland's shortest road to success: no payment of rent now or hereafter; no payment of compulsory taxes now or hereafter; utter disregard of the British parliament and its so-called laws; entire abstention from the polls henceforth; rigorous, but non-invasive "boycotting" of deserters, cowards, traitors, and oppressors; vigorous, intelligent, fearless prosecution of the land agitation by voice and pen; passive, but stubborn resistance to every offensive act of police or military; and, above all, universal readiness to go to prison, and promptness in filling the places made vacant by those who may be sent to prison. Open revolution, terrorism, and the policy above outlined, which is Liberty, are the three courses from which Ireland now must choose one. Open revolution on the battle-field means sure defeat and another century of misery and oppression; terrorism, though preferable to revolution, means years of demoralizing intrigue, bloody plot, base passion, and terrible revenges,—in short, all the horrors of a long-continued national vendetta, with a doubtful issue at the end;

Liberty means certain, unhalting, and comparatively bloodless victory, the dawn of the ann of justice, and perpetual peace and prosperity in future for a hitherto blighted land.

The aim of true labor reform is not to abolish wages, but to universalize them. When all men become exclusively wage-workers, no man's wages will be eaten up by profit-mongers.

We trust that the friendly critic referred to in our last issue, who feared lest Liberty, in its battle against usury, might favor its suppression by statute and thereby stultify itself, will be relieved of all anxiety on this point by the detailed editorial statement, in another column, of our exact attitude toward that giant wrong. He has our thanks for giving us occasion to develop this line of thought more specifically than before.

There is a gentleman in New York whom we reverently admire for his intellectuality, learning, and breadth of spirit, but whom we are prevented from admiring for his modesty by his use, at least by implication, of the words Pantarch, Stephen Pearl Andrews, and God Almighty as interchangeable terms. He has been much disturbed of late—else his recent writings mislead us—about the Anarchists and their "dread of order," being to delight in comparing them to burnt children who dread the fire. For his benefit, and that of a great many others who share his misapprehension and concern, we print elsewhere an admirable article translated from "Le Révolté," describing the only kind of "order" that Anarchists dread or have ever felt the consuming heat of. After reading it, he will see that a repetition of this tiresome criticism can come only from the impertinence of stupidity or the wilfulness of perversity. Consequently, being a philosopher who finds his inspiration in neither of these sources, but exclusively in the sincerity of science, he will never repeat it.

The basis on which harmony in the Liberal League has been restored is announced. The majority made overtures by passing a resolution declaring its previously-adopted position in favor of the total repeal of the Comstock laws not binding on the minority. The minority accepted the advances, and wheeled into line. We know that this matter is none of our business; but for once we shall meddle far enough to say that this arrangement does not meet our approval. Not that a minority ought to be bound to anything against its will; only this,—that a body which does not care what its members think about the freedom of the press, but is exceedingly particular to have them endorse such paltry measures as the expulsion of chaplains from prisons and such objectionable ones as the extension of compulsory taxation and the enforcement by law of whatever scheme of morality it chooses to pronounce "natural," ceases, in a measure, to be interesting to consistent believers in Liberty. These words are written in no spirit of hostility to the League. It contains some of our best and bravest men and women. Not a few of them we number among our valued friends. From its ranks Liberty's soldiers are to be largely recruited, and through its agency much good liberal work is being accomplished. For these very reasons we dislike to see it take the back track, and hence our summons, "Come up higher!"

About Progressive People.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll has gone to New Mexico to attend to his mining interests.

The late Dean Stanley once said to an American friend: "Only one man ever called on me whom I refused to see, and that man was Mr. W. H. Mallock."

Jean Ceytaire, one of the many banished to New Caledonia for participation in the Commune, died in Paris September 24 from a disease contracted during his period of exile.

Henry George, author of "Progress and Poverty," sailed lately for Ireland on the steamer "Spain," sent thither by the "Irish World" as its representative and correspondent.

Swinburne's new tragedy, "Queen Mary,"—the third part of the trilogy on the Scottish queen,—will be published in a few weeks. Swinburne has invited Walt Whitman to pay him a visit, and the latter poet will sail for Europe a few months hence with that purpose in view.

Two works on Mr. Emerson are about to be published: one a rapid sketch by Mr. A. H. Guernsey, similar in plan and effect to his sketch of Carlyle; the other a more careful and elaborate work by Rev. George W. Cooke, of Indianapolis, long a student and admirer of the Concord essayist and poet. The Appletons publish the former; J. B. Osgood & Co., the latter.

Mr. Parnell has authorized the secretary of the Queen's County Land League to say that he intends to give up fox-hunting himself, and to advocate its total suppression. "Hunting," adds the secretary, "would be on his part a reverse step in that emancipation of the people to which his life is consecrated—from a despotism, a nobility, an aristocracy, a class."

A monument was erected over the remains of those of Garibaldi's band who were killed on the field of Mentana. The municipality confided the care of it to an ex-Papal gendarme, who has made a practice of selling the patriots' bones to tourists as mementoes. Two persons sent from Rome to investigate represented themselves as tourists to the custodian, who sold them relics.

Miss Helen Taylor, the valued friend of John Stuart Mill and editor of his posthumous works, audaciously characterized Gladstone, at a recent meeting of the Democratic Federation in London, as "an old man of seventy-three, who has turned his back upon the enthusiasm of his youth, the convictions of his manhood, and the teachings of his maturer years, and who is equally ready to support democracy or despotism if it answers his purpose."

Tchernichevski, the imprisoned Russian novelist, a petition for whose release was proposed by a delegate to the International Literary Congress, is said to have given in a novel, printed about 1861-62, the first impulse to what has since been known as the Nihilist movement. For eighteen years he has been in the great mining district of the Crown in Eastern Siberia, and for twelve years was literally chained to his wheelbarrow by day and fettered to the wall of his cell at night. This treatment has been lately somewhat lightened, but its effects are revealed in his appearance. He looks, although only fifty years old, like a man of great age. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Weser Zeitung" announces that the Czar, having been much impressed by the manifestation at the Vienna congress, is inclined to grant a pardon to the Russian litterateur.

The "Patria," of Florence, recently published a letter from M. Delattre, one of the French deputies for the department of the Seine, expressive of good-will toward Italy. The "Patria," which the next day replied with a complimentary article, has since received the following letter from Garibaldi, dated Capri, Sept. 29: "My dear friends: To cleanse the Italian flag, which has been trailed in the mud of the streets of Marseilles; to tear up the treaty snatched by violence from the Bey of Tunis; to let Bismarck cajole the Pope; not to dishonor the republic by an alliance with the manufactory of lies, an alliance with which Italy is threatened,—on these conditions only can Italians once more fraternize with the French. Our Austrian and French neighbors should understand that the days of their promenades in our beautiful country are over for ever. And if the — (sic) are afraid, Italians ought no longer to allow themselves to be outraged."

A PROPOSAL.

I.

The Britons were at Yorktown
Low humbled in the dust.
It was their hardest knock-down;
It knocked their taxing lust.
Their power to rear oppression
On Columbia's free soil
The fathers put a stop to,
Their little game did spoil.
"Cornwallis, bring thy sword in
To Washington, the true!
Salute the Rebel's banner,
The red, white, and blue!"

II.

The Britishers still flourish
And flaunt their "Union Jack,"
While we, their natural offspring,
No Bacon virtue lack;
So, like the dear old mother
We thrashed in olden time,
While she is thrashing Ireland,—
Oh! impudent sublime! —
We gather up our garments,
Sweet force is no more "brute,"
And at consecrated Yorktown
Her sullied flag salute.

III.

The "gracious Queen" doth send us
Confidence for our loss,
Our Arthur o'er the ocean
Love messages doth toss.
A widow's wail, our chieftain,
Victoria's widowed long,—
Why not combine the household,
And make one people strong?
Oh! what a glorious Union!
Pure Bacon blood would flow,
And round the world together
A conquering we'd go!

Order and Anarchy.

[TRANSLATED FROM "LE RÉVOLTÉ."]

We are often reproached with having accepted as a motto the word *anarchy*, which so frightens many minds. "Your ideas are excellent," they tell us, "but confess that your party's name is unfortunately chosen. Anarchy, in the current tongue, is a synonym of disorder, chaos; it awakens in the mind the idea of clashing interests, of individuals at war with each other and unable to establish harmony."

Let us begin by observing that a party of action, a party representing a new tendency, is rarely allowed to choose its own name. The *Gueux* (leggers) of Brabant did not invent that name, which afterward became so popular. But, at first a nickname, and a very felicitous one, too,—it was taken up by the party, generally accepted, and soon became its motto. It will be agreed, moreover, that the word contained a complete idea.

And the *sans-culottes* of 1793? It was the enemies of the popular revolution that flung that name; but did it not contain a complete idea that of the revolt of the people, in tatters and tired of misery, against all those royalists, *sai-disant* patriots, and jacobins, dressed well and with scrupulous neatness, who, in spite of their pompous speeches and the incense burned before their statues by the *bourgeois* historians, were the real enemies of the people, since they profoundly despised the people for their poverty, their love of liberty and equality, and their revolutionary spirit?

And so with the name *Nihilists*, which so puzzled journalists and was the occasion of so many plays upon words, good and bad, until it became understood that it denoted, not a sect of semi-religious cranks, but a real revolutionary power. Launched by Tourgueneff in his novel, "Fathers and Sons," it was taken up by the "fathers," who by this nickname revenged themselves for the disobedience of the "sons." The "sons" accepted it, and when, later, they saw that it was the source of misunderstandings and tried to disembarass themselves of it, it was impossible to do so. The press and public were unwilling to designate the Russian revolutionists by any other name than this. Moreover, the name is by no means badly chosen, for it contains an idea. It expresses the negation of the sum total of the facts of the existing civilization, based on the oppression of one class by another: the negation of the present economic régime, the negation of governmentalism and power, of *bourgeois* politics, of *bourgeois* morality, of routine science, of art placed at the service of exploiters, of the grotesque customs and usages, often detestable because of their hypocrisy, handed down from past centuries to existing society,—in short, the negation of all that the *bourgeois* civilization venerates to-day.

The same with the Anarchists. When there arose within the International a party denying authority in the bosom of the Association and revolting against authority in all its forms, that party first gave itself the name of Federalist, and later

Anti-Stateist or *Anti-Autoritaire*. At that time it even avoided the name of Anarchists. The word *an-archy* (for so it was written then) seemed to connect the party too closely with the followers of Proudhon, to whose ideas of economic reform the International at that time was opposed. But for this very reason, in order to induce confusion, their enemies saw fit to use this name, saying, further, that the very name of the Anarchists proved that they desired only disorder and chaos, regardless of future results.

Then the Anarchistic party hastened to accept the name bestowed upon it. It insisted at first on the hyphen between *an* and *archy*, explaining that in this form the word *an-archy*, of Greek origin, signified *no government*, not "disorder;" but soon it accepted it just as it is, without giving useless trouble to proof-readers or a lesson in Greek to the people.

The word, then, has recovered its primitive, ordinary, common significance, expressed in 1816 in these words by an English philosopher, Bentham: "The philosopher who desires to reform a bad law does not preach insurrection against it. . . . The character of the anarchist is very different. He denies the existence of the law, he rejects its validity, he excites men not to recognize it as law and to resist its execution." To-day the meaning of the word has grown in breadth: the Anarchist denies not only existing laws, but all established power, all authority. Nevertheless, its essence remains the same: he revolts—and that is his starting-point—against power, authority, under whatever form it happens to exist.

But this word, they tell us, awakens in the mind the negation of order, and, consequently, the idea of disorder, chaos.

We will try, nevertheless, to understand each other. What order is in question? Is it the harmony that we Anarchists dream of? the harmony in human relations that will freely establish itself after humanity is no longer divided into two classes, one of which is sacrificed for the benefit of the other? the harmony that will spring spontaneously from the solidarity of interests, when all men shall form one and the same family, when each will labor for the good of all and all for the good of each? Clearly, no! Those who reproach anarchy with being the negation of order do not mean the harmony of the future; they mean order, as it is conceived to-day, in our present society. Let us see, then, what this order is that anarchy wishes to destroy.

Order, to-day,—what they mean by order,—is nine-tenths of humanity laboring to maintain a handful of idlers in luxury, enjoyment, and the satisfaction of the most execrable passions.

Order is the deprivation of these nine-tenths of every necessary condition of healthy life and rational intellectual development. To reduce nine-tenths of humanity to the condition of beasts of burden living from day to day, without ever daring to think of the enjoyment which man finds in the study of science and the pursuit of art,—that is order!

Order is misery and famine become the normal state of society. It is the Irish peasant dying of hunger; it is the peasant of one-third of Russia dying of diphtheria, of typhoid fever, of hunger in consequence of scarcity, amid carloads of wheat on their way to foreign countries; it is the people of Italy compelled to abandon their luxuriant fields to roam through Europe seeking some tunnel to dig, where they may run the risk of being massacred after having existed a few additional months. It is the land taken from the peasant for the rearing of cattle to feed the rich; it is the land allowed to lie fallow rather than be restored to him who asks no more than to cultivate it.

Order is woman selling herself to support her children, is the child compelled to be confined in a factory or die of inanition, is the workman reduced to the state of a machine. It is the phantom of hunger ever present at the doors of the laborer, the phantom of the insurgent laborer at the doors of the rich, the phantom of the insurgent people at the doors of their governors.

Order is a minority of a few, versed in governmental affairs, imposing themselves for that reason on the majority and bringing up their children to fill the same offices later, in order to maintain the same privileges, by stratagem, corruption, force, and wholesale murder.

Order is the continual war of man upon man, of trade upon trade, of class upon class, of nation upon nation. It is the unceasing roar of the cannon in Europe, the devastation of the country, the sacrifice of entire generations on the battle-field, the destruction in one year of wealth accumulated by centuries of hard labor.

Order is servitude, thought in chains, the degradation of the human race, maintained by blood and the sword. It is hundreds of miners buried annually in the mines through the avarice of the owners, and mitrallenced, shot down, and bayoneted, if they dare to protest against these massacres.

Order, finally, is the Commune of Paris drowned in blood. It is thirty thousand men, women, and children cut to pieces by shells, rained upon by the mitrallence, buried in quicklime beneath Parisian pavements. It is Young Russia within prison walls, buried in Siberian snows, its best, purest, most unselfish representatives straggling in the hangman's noose.

That is order!

And disorder,—that which they call disorder?

It is the people in revolt against this ignoble order, breaking their chains, tearing down barriers, and marching toward a better future. It is all that is most glorious in the history of humanity.

It is the revolt of thought on the eve of revolutions; it is the overturning of hypotheses sanctioned by the inertia of centuries past; it is the birth of a whole flood of new ideas, of bold inventions, of audacious solutions of scientific problems.

Disorder is the abolition of ancient slavery, the insurrection of the communes, the abolition of feudal serfdom, the attempts at abolition of economic servitude.

Disorder is the peasants risen against the priests and lords, burning castles to make room for cottages, leaving their dens in search of the sunlight. It is France abolishing royalty and dealing a mortal blow at serfdom throughout Western Europe.

Disorder is 1848 causing kings to tremble and proclaiming the right of labor. It is the people of Paris fighting for a new idea, and, though overpowered by massacre, bequeathing to humanity the idea of the free Commune and breaking the way for that revolution whose approach we now feel and which will be known as the Social Revolution.

Disorder—what they call disorder—is the epochs during which entire generations bear up in superhuman struggle and sacrifice themselves to prepare for humanity a better existence by relieving it of the chains of the past. It is the epochs during which the popular genius finds free scope, and in a few years takes those gigantic strides without which man would have remained in the state of ancient slavery, a servile being in abject misery.

Disorder is the flowering of the most beautiful passions and the grandest self-sacrifices; it is the epic history of the supreme love, the love of humanity.

The word *anarchy*, implying the negation of such an order and invoking the memory of the highest moments in humanity's life,—is it not well chosen for a party which marches onward to the conquest of a better future?

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